

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

a

SENIOR CONCERT*

By

DANNY KUMIN

Wednesday
November 19, 1975

8:15 p.m.
Carriage Barn

Sonata for Bassoon and Piano

ALVIN ETLER (1952)

Lee Edelberg, Piano

Danny Kumin, Bassoon

Four Songs to texts by Wallace Stevens

D. KUMIN (1975)

- I The Pleasures of Merely Circulating
- II Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird (clarinet solo)
- III Disillusionment of Ten O'clock
- IV Domination of Black

Lyn Bertles, violin
Jacob Glick, viola
Nina Dorsey, cello

Jim Hoberman, flute
Gunnar Schonbeck, clarinet
Edward Gale, bassoon

Richard Frisch - baritone

- I n t e r m i s s i o n -

Circumference for live electronics (one player)

D. KUMIN (1975)

Performed by the Composer

Sonata for Violin and Piano

D. KUMIN (1975)

Moderato
Sostenuto
Allegro Molto

Jacob Glick, violin

Lionel Nowak, piano

Next Concert: A Concert of Electronic Music (Taped and Performed), Sunday,
November 23, 1975 at 2:30 p.m. in Jennings Room 136.

* This Concert is being presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Arts Degree.

I.

The Pleasures of Merely Circulating

The garden flew round with the angel,
The angel flew round with the clouds,
And the clouds flew round and the clouds flew round
And the clouds flew round with the clouds.

Is there any secret in skulls,
The cattle skulls in the woods?
Do the drummers in black hoods
Rumble anything out of their drums?

Mrs. Anderson's Swedish baby
Might well have been German or Spanish,
Yet that things go round and again go round
Has rather a classical sound.

II.

Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird

I.

Among twenty snowy mountains,
The only moving thing
Was the eye of the blackbird.

II.

I was of three minds,
Like a tree
In which there are three blackbirds.

III.

The blackbird whirled in the autumn winds.
It was a small part of the pantomime.

IV.

A man and a woman
Are one.
A man and a woman and a blackbird
Are one.

V.

I do not know which to prefer,
The beauty of inflections
Or the beauty of innuendoes,
The blackbird whistling
Or just after.

VI.

Icicles filled the long window
With barbaric glass.
The shadow of the blackbird
Crossed it, to and fro.

The mood
Traced in the shadow
An indecipherable cause.

VII.

O thin men of Haddam,
Why do you imagine golden birds?
Do you not see how the blackbird
Walks about the feet
Of the women about you?

VIII.

I know noble accents
And lucid, inescapable rhythms;
But I know, too,
That the blackbird is involved
In what I know.

IX.

When the blackbird flew out of sight,
It marked the edge
Of one of many circles.

X.

At the sight of blackbirds
Flying in a green light,
Even the bawds of euphony
Would cry out sharply.

XI.

He rode over Connecticut
In a glass coach.
Once, a fear pierced him,
In that he mistook
The shadow of his equipage
For Blackbirds.

XII.

The river is moving.
The blackbird must be flying.

XIII.

It was evening all afternoon.
It was snowing
And it was going to snow.
The blackbird sat
In the cedar-limbs.

III.

Disillusionment of Ten O'clock

The houses are haunted
By white nightgowns.
None are green,
Or purple with green rings,
Or green with yellow rings,
Or yellow with blue rings.
None of them are strange,
With socks of lace
And beaded ceintures.
People are not going
To dream of baboons and periwinkles.
Only, here and there, an old sailor,
Drunk and asleep in his boots,
Catches tigers
In red weather.

IV.

Domination of Black

At night, by the fire,
The colors of the bushes
And of the fallen leaves,
Repeating themselves,
Turned in the room,
Like the leaves themselves
Turning in the wind.
Yes: but the color of the heavy hemlocks
Came striding.
And I remembered the cry of the peacocks.

The colors of their tails
Were like the leaves themselves
Turning in the wind,
In the twilight wind,
They swept over the room,
Just as they flew from the boughs of the hemlocks
Down to the ground.
I heard them cry-- the peacocks.
Was it a cry against the twilight
Or against the leaves themselves
Turning in the wind,
Turning as the flames
Turned in the fire,
Turning as the tails of the peacocks
Turned in the loud fire,
Loud as the hemlocks
Full of the cry of the peacocks?
Or was it a cry against the hemlocks?

Out of the window,
I saw how the planets gathered
Like the leaves themselves
Turning in the wind.
I saw how the night came,
Came striding like the heavy hemlocks.
I felt afraid.
And I remembered the cry of the peacocks.